





66 DLN



MICHAEL WILLIAMS

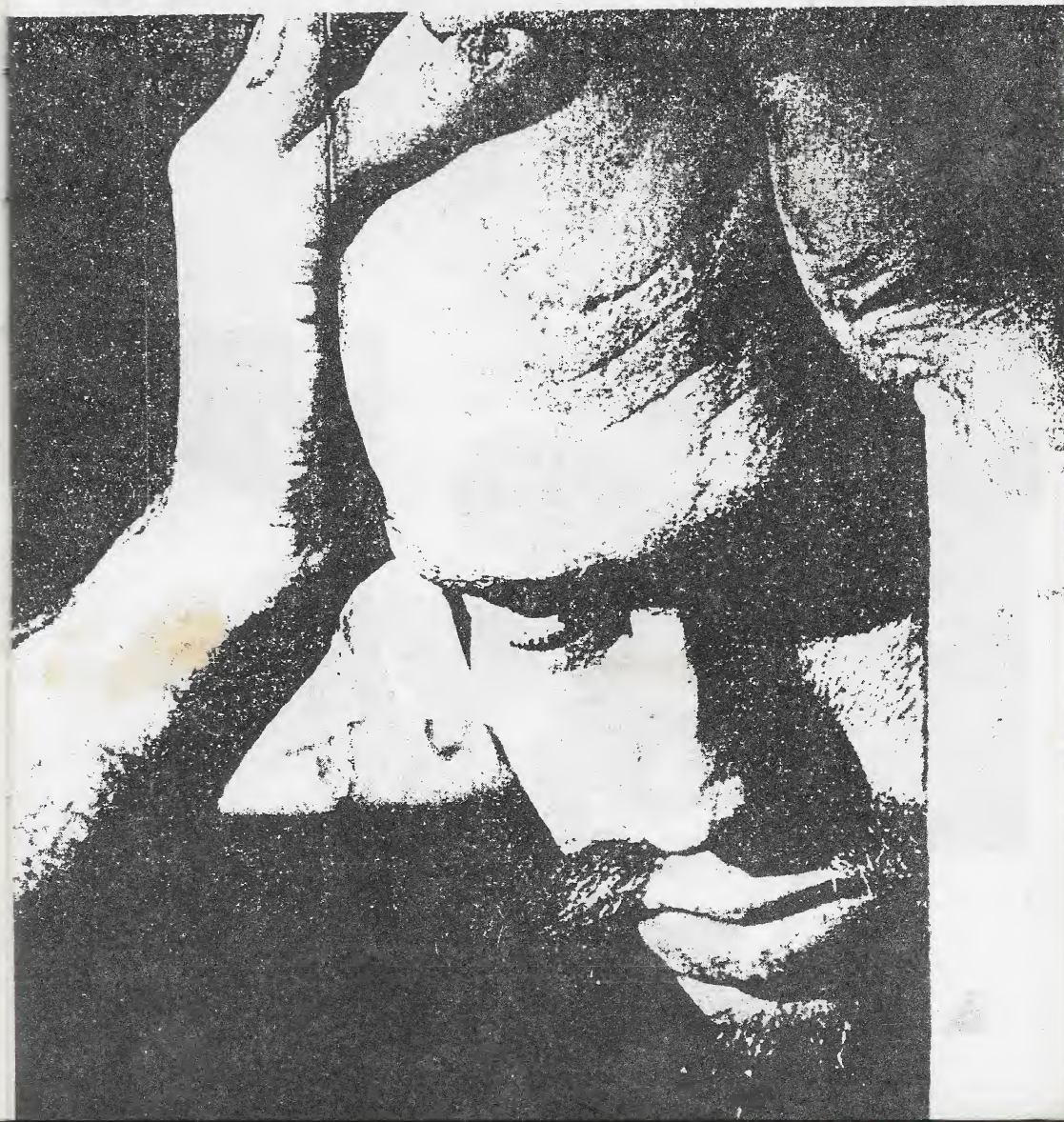
When people come to my shows, as far as I'm concerned there's a sign on the door that says "Enter At Your Own Risk." They know what's going on. They know what's gonna happen.

I don't ask people to come to my shows. If people want to come, they can come. Fine. They're going to be in the fire. I'm not there for them. They're there for me. They're there for my entertainment. They're there for me to fuck with. If they want to come, fine.

I don't give a shit if anybody ever comes or I don't sell another record. I'll put my records out just the way I did twelve years ago. I'll sit in my fucking room and fold every one and I'll still put them out and I'll go out in the streets just like I did in the early days with a shopping cart and I'll sell them to anybody who will fucking listen to them.

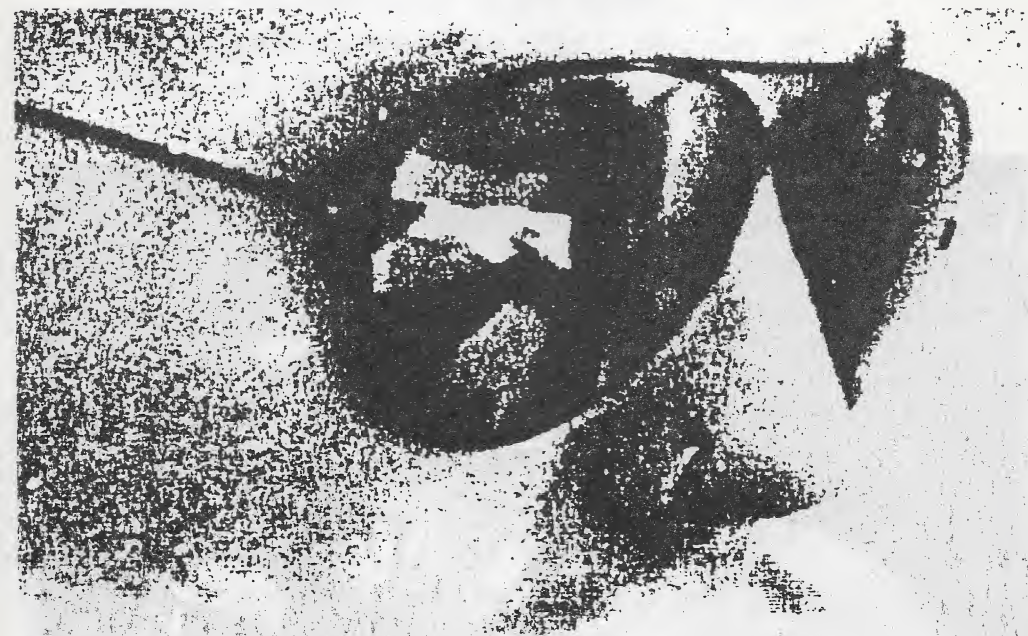
The rock 'n' roll underground will live in me long after I'm dead and gone because my allies will carry it on. It's time to kill the corporate businessmen, it's time to go into those record stores who don't sell my records and blow these fuckers up, set them on fire. It's time to take action, it's time to revolt. It's time for a war on the rock 'n' roll underground!!! Not these people on these major labels, not these MTV phonies who're trying to predict and brainwash you into thinking this is as dangerous as it gets because it is not. "G.G. Allin and the Murder Junkies." That is as real, as dangerous, as bloody, as you will even probably want to get close to.

You'll never see me on a major label. No, I can't be tamed. I'm uncool, unclean, unacceptable. All those corporate businessmen in their three-piece suits, they're not going to sign me, because they know I'm too real. I'm not into this Lollapalooza thing; no corporate sponsor is going to put on a G.G. Allin and the Murder Junkies tour. We're going out there, creating havoc, chaos, and violence, and we're bringing the rock 'n' roll underground back down to where it belongs: to the real non-conformists, to the real outcasts, to the real rebels and terrorists. They're not the fakes, the phonies, not the people who are writing about fiction and then retreating back to the suburbs, retreating back to their wives, kids, and fancy cars or their meals on their kitchen tables.



Murder the members of the PMRC. Murder the business corporate label. Murder the bands who feed their tables. Destroy all of the fucking commercial events like the Lollapalooza tours. Blow up events like the New Music Seminar, which are nothing more than major labels shopping markets. Let's put real fucking danger back into the underground. Burn down record stores that do not support me or do not sell my records. The time is now!





G.G.: I don't fuckin' live up to anybody but myself. As far as onstage and off, I'm pretty much the same. Offstage, I'm a drunken, drugged-out, self-destructive freak who's got more scars and scabs on his dick than anyone. Onstage, I'm possessed. Nothin' fuckin' hurts. There is a force of the animal inside that's going to explode. Everything comes out, including piss, shit, blood, rape, pain. anything can happen. It's not something I plan, it just fuckin' happens.

I'M A RAPEST

YOU'LL KNOW THE FEEL OF MY WHIP
CRACKIN ON YOUR ASS
I'D LIKE TO SHOVE MY SHOT GLASS
UP YOUR FUCKIN ASS
STICK A KNIFE INTO YOUR NIPPLES
TILL YOU CAN'T TAKE NO MORE
PISSING IN YOUR MOUTH BITCH
LET'S GANG BANG THIS WHORE

SCREAM BITCH SCREAM
I'LL BEAT YOU WITH MY IRON
SCREAM BITCH SCREAM
I'LL BEAT YOU TILL YOUR CRYIN

ME & THE HOLY MEN WILL BE CUMMIN IN YOUR FACE
WANNA SEE YOU DROWN
WHEN WE'RE PISSING IN YOUR FACE
FUCKIN SUCK MY COCK BITCH
I'M GONNA KNOCK YOU UP
IF YOU SAY NO LITTLE GIRL
I'M GONNA FUCK YOU UP

TAKE YOU BEHIND THE ALLEY
+ MAKE YOU SUCK US OFF
IN YOUR ASS YOUR CUNT YOUR MOUTH
WE'LL BE GETTING OFF

~~WE'LL~~

YOU AIN'T SHIT TO ME BUT JUST A PIECE OF MEAT
IF YOU TRY TO GET AWAY
YOUR GONNA FEEL THE BEAT

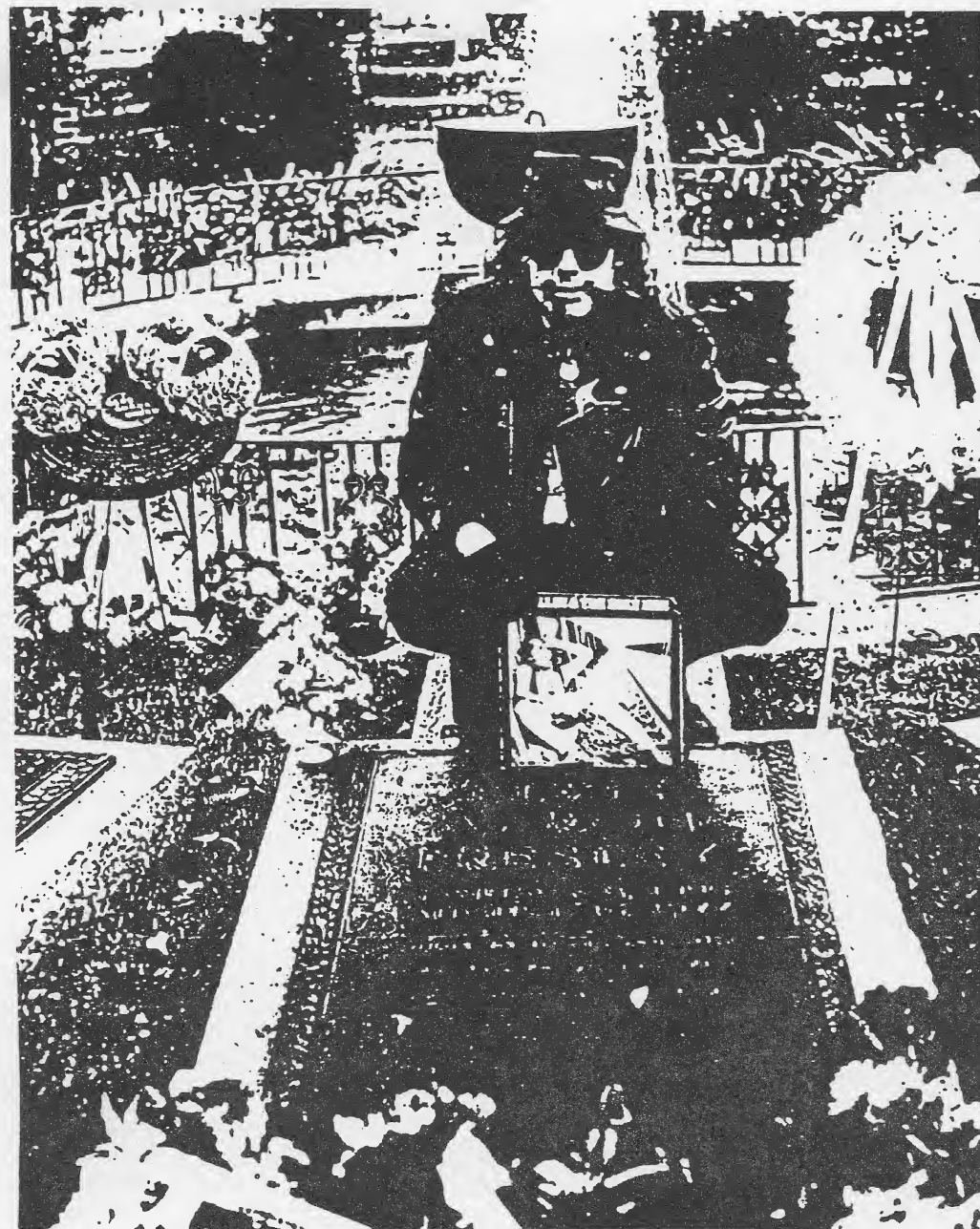
TEENAGE TWATS

HEY LITTLE CUNTS YOU SQUEAK WHEN YOU WALK
YOUR ASS ISSO TIGHT + YOUR THE SLUTS OF THE BLOCK
YOU THINK ITS SO TOUGH HANGIN OUT AT THE ARCADE
CHECKIN OUT THE GUYS + HOPEN TO GET LAID

I'D LIKE TO TIE YOU UP + SHIT IN YOUR FACE
KICK YOU IN THE CUNT GIRL
+ PUT YOU IN YOUR PLACE
PUKE UP YOUR MOTHER'S PUSSY
+ FUCK YOU IN THE FACE

TEENAGE TWATS
NOWS THE TIME, NOWS THE PLACE

CANDY LITTLE GIRL I' SHOW YOU WHAT I GOT
THE YOUNGER THE BETTER
I LIKE A YOUNG SLUT
JAILBAIT TO ME I JUST DON'T FUCKIN CARE
I'LL FUCK YOU + I'LL LEAVE YOU
CAUSE YOUR SISTERS OVER THERE







G.G.: G.G. Allin is skunk piss. Rotting trash rock in the lowest form. No quality. Everything sucks and so do we. But, we never want people to fuckin' like it, anyway. It's not for your fuckin' pleasure; it's for your discomfort.

SCARS ON MY BODY / SCABS ON MY DICK

SCARS ON MY BODY
CAUSE I'M INTO SELF DESTRUCTION
SCABS ON MY PRICK
BECAUSE OF MY ERRECTION
I'M GONNA CUT MY BODY TILL IT
STARTS TO FUCKIN BLEED
I'M GONNA BRAT MY DICK TO
A SLEAZY MAGAZINE

SCARS ON MY BODY
WHISKY + DRUGS IN MY BLLOOD
NEXT THING YOU KNOW
MY RIGHT HAND IS ON MY PUD
I CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF THE PAIN
THAT I INFLICT
SCARS ON MY BODY +
SCABS ON MY DICK

BLOODY MARY'S BLOODY CUNT

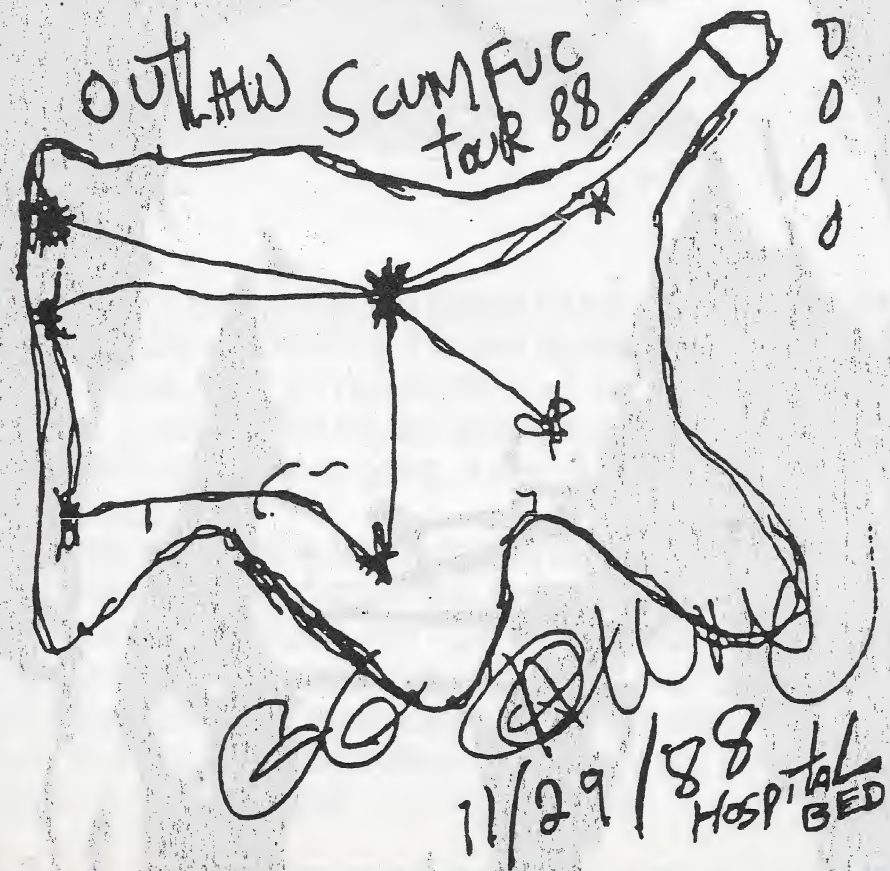
I WANNA CHEW YOUR TAMPON
+ SHOVE IT UP YOUR ASS

I WANNA FUCK YOU WITH
A PIECE OF BROKEN GLASS

GARBAGE DUMP

I DON'T GIVE A SHIT WHO WINS THE WAR
I'LL BE IN THOSE CANS BEHIND MY FAVORITE STORE

GO ALLIN + THE DRUG WHORES
FROM JAILHOUSE WALLS
to HOSPITAL BED RAILS
FROM DRUGS IN
YOUR VEINS to
THE PUSSY + BLOOD
+ SHIT + PAIN





I've been fucked. I've had people hit me over the head with chairs, kick the shit out of me. I've had death threats every time I've played a show. What am I gonna do? Fuck it! I'm going up there and if someone is gonna shoot me, let 'em shoot me. I'm just the kind of guy that would fuckin' keep on going. A muth-fuckin' bullet probably wouldn't stop me.

When we played in Montreal these guys grabbed me and kicked the shit right out of me. I mean with their boots, in the head, to the ribs, for about 10 minutes. And I just got up, grabbed the mike, and just kept on going like nothing even bothered me. I didn't feel it. I didn't feel a thing. Too much adrenaline. It's like when I go out and break these thick whiskey bottles over my face and just start carving myself up. I don't feel that. I don't feel nothing.

Violence demands reaction and change. Nobody will do anything for you unless you fucking do it and take care of yourself. Fuck all of the paper pushing promises and peace rallies. Fight fire with fire. If I hand you a piece of paper or ask you to do something that needs to be done, you could easily lie about it and agree or file it away to get done later, which means never. But if I were to put a loaded gun to your head, you would do it or die. You can get things done much quicker this way.

Sure, I've been arrested on stage, and I'll be arrested again, because when I go out on the road, it's not all about when will I be back, it's not about making plans for my future. On tour with me you bring the bail money, you wonder when you're going to go to jail, you wonder when the next hospital visit is going to be, you don't even know if you'll be coming back alive. So I don't tell anybody around me, "I'll see you in about six weeks." Maybe you'll see me and maybe you won't. It's very unknown. My show is very real, and it's very bloody. And it's not something we're just putting down, saying this or that. It's real and if you don't believe it, come to the show and find out for yourself. Ask the police departments who've put me in jail after the shows, ask the hospitals who've tried to find me psychiatric help, the doctors who said that I was a suicidal maniac, ask these people how real it is, and you'll find out that GG Allin is one serious motherfucker. And if you're afraid to print this article, then fuck you too.

Major labels are afraid of me, so the First Amendment does not matter when it comes to someone like me. When you're on a major label, the First Amendment applies, but if you're someone like me, you're a criminal. But if that's what it takes, a criminal I'll be, because to me, the rock 'n' roll underground must remain dangerous, a threat to society, to the government, and be the dagger in the music industry's back.



OMNI PRESS
P.O. BOX 788
MILLBRAE, CA. 94030



**"My mind is a machine gun, my
body is the bullets and the
audience is the target."—GG Allin**



